

Ms. A. 35. 5. 302

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF ANN SMITH,

Who departed this life after three day's illness,

Jan. 13, 1831, aged 19 Months.



My Saviour why art thou contending
With me? a poor worm of the dust:
The arrows of death thou art sending,
My darlings surrender I must.

My Mercy was first taken from me,
And now my dear Anne* is gone;
Dear Lord, if bereaved I must be,
Thy will ever righteous be done.

But nature within me still rising,
Would ask "Why is she took away?"
To nature it seems so surprising,
That Mercy nor Anne must stay.

On Monday I saw her with pleasure,
All healthy and blooming as May;
On Thursday death seiz'd on my treasure,
And bore my lov'd daughter away.

* To be read Anney, as she was familiarly called.

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Her sufferings were shortly completed,
 She fled to the regions above ;
 The art of the Surgeon defeated,
 She lives in the regions above.

She is gone to be with her dear Saviour,
 Far, far from all trouble and pain ;
 She lives and delights in his favour,
 Nor would she come to us again.

She joins with the glorified number,
 To sing to Immanuel's praise ;
 Her body is left here to slumber,
 Till time shall have finish'd its days.

With painful reluctance I yielded,
 To lay my dear babe in the dust ;
 But now from all danger she's shielded,
 And death will take care of its trust.

There silent and sweetly she'll slumber,
 Till Jesus the second time comes ;
 Then rise with the blood-redeemed number,
 To enter their glorified homes.

How sweet and delightful that meeting,
 When I my dear Anne shall see ;
 What pleasure, what joy, and what greeting,
 What praising of Jesus there'll be.

My Anne, I shortly shall meet thee,
 And join my dear Saviour to praise ;
 My spirit with thine shall join sweetly,
 The chorus of honour to raise.

A few fleeting moments shall waft me,
 To Canaan's felicitous shore ;
 I then shall with pleasure behold thee,
 And trials shall meet me no more.

There Jesus shall be all my glory,
 My light everlasting shall shine ;
 And I shall relate my sweet story,
 With comfort and pleasure divine.

Then shall I sit down with repining,
 Because my dear daughter is blest ;
 While she the loud chorus is joining,
 In regions of pleasure and rest ?

Our parting is but for a season,
 We shortly together shall live ;
 I then may look forward with reason,
 And long for the time to arrive.

I then shall have done with lamenting,
 Nor grieve for my losses again ;
 For glory all sorrow preventing,
 Will banish all evil and pain.

Then I with my Anne uniting,
 Will join in the song of the blest ;
 And ever in Jesus delighting,
 Enjoy satisfaction and rest.

But, Ah! my dear Saviour forgive me,
 For thinking so hardly of thee ;
 Let grace from thy fulness relieve me,
 And give me thy goodness to see.

I would to thy word be attending,
 So suited to cheer me below ;
 I would to thy throne be ascending,
 And bid a farewell to my woe.

Haste on, gracious Lord, thy appearing,
 And till then thy presence bestow ;
 Thy cross and thy person endearing,
 As onward to meet thee I go.

O save me from all things deluding,
 And bless me with all that is good ;
 From pride and vain glory secluding,
 To boast of thy merit and blood.

Give sweet resignation kind Saviour,
 And patience to carry my cross ;
 Thy life-giving presence and favour,
 Will more than make up for my loss.

With loving humility clothe me,
 A meek quiet spirit impart ;
 From all my backslidings restore me,
 And take up thy rest in my heart.

I would, O I would be devoting,
 My ALL to thy service and praise ;
 I would on my Jesus be doating,
 Till death puts an end to my days.

All praise to thy love everlasting,
 That shortly shall lead me safe home ;
 Where glorified spirits are casting,
 Their crowns at Immanuel's throne.

The prospect of joining their number,
 Makes life and its pleasures seem mean ;
 It reconciles man to death's slumber,
 Come Jesus, Lord Jesus,—Amen.

JAMES SMITH, CHELTENHAM.